face of its frown whenever I cross my thresh-The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and tion can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the as-semblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellowmen, where even in his heart I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to my of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that to the best of my knowledge and belief the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.' The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome

"But Davy isn't idiotic, paps," Mary interposed; "and I trust he couldn't find it in his heart to murder anybody."
"O, I was led away into a reminiscence.

All I meant, so far as citing Seward's example to your young legal friend, was that if he is going to become a lawyer he should begin practice at home by steadfastly deending his badly behaved brother."

Murder not possible to Davy Mulford?

The Thanksgiving missionaries spent a markable happened. Their visit to the Pierson household was in itself enjoya-ble. Martha and Mary were delighted in each other's company and Mr. Pierson and Mr. Beruan got along Mrs. Pierson and the young folk. The tac-iturn Pierson rather liked his clerical guest after getting acquainted with him, and the two men went hunting and fishing together, to the surprise of the residents, who had never before known their richest neighbor to be companionable. Bernau met the Mulford
Thanksgiving reunion.
"There has been a great deal of wholesale tions with the parties to the estrangement diously, too, and the mission might be said he labored seemingly in vain; and even he was impressed by the fact that, in cousequence of Bernan's request, Pierson had not prosecuted any charge against the young man for the assault committed months before. There had been an arrest, and a release on bail, with a view to indictment later; but Pierson had somewhat reluctantly consented not to go before the grand jury, and so the matter stood.

"To-morrow." Bernan said to Mary one evening, "I shall boldly propose to Mr. Pierson that he invite both his cousins to Thanksgiving dinner. I shall, if he consents, prepare Arthur to accept, and then he, you and I will tackle Dayy. ore morning, however, something was

done by Davy which nobody had dared to That night Davy said to his brother, with an indifferent air:

and I'd like to go out for a little deer si Lend me your gun, will you?" mething in Davy's manner had a sinis-

ter meaning quite apparent to Arthur, who "Why are you so industrious sud-"Oh, everything must have a beginning; and I-well, I seel like shooting some-

as he said: "I know that Hank Pierson went to Ogdensburg to-day, and will come home to-night. Don't get any nonsense into your head. To give him a good thrash ing should satisfy you, but anything more serious wouldn't do. Justice never jests, "And Hank doesn't mean it shall. I be

lieve he's gone to Ogdensburg to testify be-tore the grand jury. But I'm not going to shoot him. What are you thinking of? I only feel ugly, and want to shoot a deer. fill you lend me the rifle-yes or no?" "Take it if you choose," said Arthur, his faint suspicion removed.

Davy made sure that the gun was loaded, drank a glass of whisky and went of whist-

III. A STARTLING EPISODE.

Soon afterward Arthur went to the postoffice, which was an adjunct to the railroad station, to inquire for letters ostensibly; but he was open to the fair suspicion of intending to meet Mary Bernan, for he knew that she usually walked there with her father at the time that the daily mail arrived. At all events he did encounter them; and more than that, he found himself face to face with his cousin, Henry Pierson. These of Job Andrews had embittered them. Pierson stepped off the evening train on his return from Ogdensburg, and alighted in the very midst of the trio in which Arthur stood absorbedly conversing with Mary. Pierson and Arthur would have ignored each other, as usual, had not Mr. Bernan coldly forced them to a tacit recognition.

men glanced at the speaker resentfully, as though to silently reprove him for alluding Mr. Pierson you must be nearly, or quite, that he might well make a first move toward a reconciliation. "Are you not?" the peace-"I suppose I am," was the somewhat re-

"A little nearer that than to 26," was the

Now, the cousins had not addressed each other, but they had spoken on a mutual topic, and Mary silently rejoiced at even that

'Are you walking our way, Mr. Mulford?" the diplomat continued as he slid his own arm through Pierson's. "Yes, if Miss Bernan will permit," and

Arthur offered his arm to Mary, intending to drop behind the others with her. But she did not mean that the cousinly company should be avoided, so she took his

arm and her father's, too; so that they walked four abreast down the road. Then Arthur, desiring to be at least affable to

idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words: I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro without intellect, sense or emotion. My child, with an affectionate smile, disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshblue silk and vest of white satin embroi-dered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrists and his hair falling in a queue. Oh, modern hairdressers would stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry."
"Rather frivolous, don't you think so?"

said Mary.
"Yes, indeed," responded Arthur. "And what do you think, Mr. Pierson?" and she made the autagonistic ends of the line face each other by herself almost stop-

ping still for a reply.
"I think so, too," he assented.
The cousins had caught each other's eyes, and were at least participating in the same

general conversation.
"They say our ministers are all askew," Mr. Bernan quickly resumed, "but just think of our clergymen entering the pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of one of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington has his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe, ordering sent for the use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of ailver shoebuckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker. I once said to my father, an aged man: "Are people so much worse now than they used to be?" He made no answer for a minute, for the old people do not like to confess much to the boys. But after awhile his eye twinkled and he said: 'Well, the fact is that people were never any better than they ought to Pierson and Arthur langhed in unison.

"I guess that's so," said Pierson. "No doubt of it," said Arthur. "O, papa thinks life is worth living now-

adays," Mary chimed in. "It all depends on the kind of life you live," Mr. Bernan responded. "This life has been to me, and is now a great happiness; and if the atheistic theory should be true that annihilation comes after death. and the sepulcher instead of being, as we beweek at Madawaska before something re- lieve to be, simply the wayside inn where we rest for a night and in the morning, fully invigorated, we start out on grander jour-neying amid brighter prospects—say, if the sepulcher should be the abolition of body Pierson and Mr. Bernan got along and soul, i am nevertheless glad that I live sociably, under the amiable influence of and that I live here, and that I live now.

Mr. Bernan had a cheerful way of uttering even solemn truths, and his talk, as the strangely composed quartet walked along in the deepening twilight, was just suitable to bringing the two cousins into a condition favorable to the next day's proposal of a

slander of this world," he said, as they stood at the cross roads where Arthur was were aimed eautiously at reconciliation. stood at the cross roads where Arthur was Mary exerted ber influence gently and init, and the traveler on the mountain curses to have met with no reverses, if it had not | the chill and the voyager on the deep curses | made much progress. Bernan was a persua- the restlessness and there are those who say sive talker, without being too assertive, and his citations of Webster and Seward had an trom pole to pole it has been calumnisted; effect on Arthur, while with Pierson he had and if the world should present a libel suit made a placatory impression. Only with | for all those who have slandered it, there Davy the sullen, Davy the revengeful, had | would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too distant; but by experience coming up the hill of life I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself. Oh I am so glad that while this world as a finality is a dead failure, as a hotel where we stop for a little while in our traveling toward a better place it is a very good world, a very kind world, and I am glad to be in it."

The "good-nights" were exchanged be-tween Mr. Bernan, Mary and Arthur; and tween Mr. Bernan, Mary and Arthur; and then the latter, with an effort which the this startling case of murder the magistrate darkness concealed, said: "Good-night, Henry."

indifferent air:

Thus the missionary work of the Bernans sion of official gravity proportionate to the guality of the crime. After telegraphing to clear whether Pierson would accept or reject this overture toward reconciliation; and when he did speak the voice sounded forced. "I'd like to have a word with you,

Arthur." The Bernans hardly knew whether to expect friendliness from the interview, or a renewed quarrel, but politeness compelled them to leave their host, while they went on to the house.

"You may tell Davy," said Pierson, when he was alone with Arthur, "that I man-aged to-day to have the proceedings against him quashed. That was my errand to Ogdensburg."

Without another word he turned and walked away, slowly away, making no response to Arthur's bewildered "Thank you." Meanwhile Davy Mulford had, on setting out gun in hand, walked first in the direc-tion of the woods, and then, making a turn across the fields, gained the road which led by a short way to the Pierson place. A crescent moon was wandering among the gray clouds and throwing intermittent gleams. Davy absently watched awhile and then suddenly threw himself down behind a pile of logs. A pedestrian was hastening along the road, a man wearing a costume which Davy knew well as the never varied one of Henry Pierson. The man had five minutes before sent a message of peace. Davy allowed him to get 40 feet in advance, and then emerged from his hid-ing place, leaped out into the path, and began to dog his steps, hastening or moderating the pace in order not to lose sight of him, without approaching too near.

If Davy had been questioned just then as to his purpose, he would have been very

much embarrassed for a reply. He had no definite idea; he only felt a savage joy in two had not spoken together since the will thus following his unconscious enemy, and in holding him in his power, within range of his gun. He felt himself the master of this man who had ruined all his hopes, and that thought satisfied him for the present, He could have marched thus all night, without feeling any weariness. It was wit actual surprise that he recognized before him the tarmyard of his cousin. All at "And you two are cousine," he said once the silhouette of Pierson disappeared from view behind the angle formed at this point by a high stone wall, such as farmers though to silently reprove him for alluding to their uncousinly conduct; but he was not so maladroit as that, and he went on to say:
"Mr. Pierson you must be nearly, or quite,
"Mr. Pierson you must be nearly, or quite, twice the age of Mr. Mulford," Now that road, but he heard the sound of a gate at was meant to remind Pierson as the elder the front of the inclosure as it creaked or road, but he heard the sound of a gate at its hinges. Furious at this discomfiture he waited a minute or two behind the wall, and then climbed over. When at last he was on the other side, within the inclosure, lutant reply.

"You are nigh 25, I should say," and this was addressed to Arthur.

he stood stupefied, holding his breath. Close in front of him and motionless, under a great tree, the large hat and coat of Pierson were outlined in the faint light of the moon. Resting upon his caue the hated cousin seemed to be contemplating the hori-zon in the stritude of a farmer questioning

the sky to learn the prospects for the next day's weather. Davy found nimself upon the winding path which led to the house. In turning Pierson would probably perceive him, and would take alarm. His retreat was cut off. At the same moment a burst of anger rose to his head as he saw there, close to him in the solitary twilight, the cause of his unhappiness, the selfish miser whom he had always detested, for whose downfall he had thirsted ever since that infamous will, and who, he thought, had that day worked for his imprisonment. In this access of rage the totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-con-

victim. He rushed through the gate, and leaving it wide open, ran along the path and soon arrived at home in a cold perspiration, believing that he already heard behind him the footsteps of avenging justice.

> IV. DAVY ESCAPES INDEED.

Arthur was awaiting his brother, who kept out of the lamp light on entering, but did not entirely conceal his agitation. With frightened guess at what had occurred, Arthur took up the rifle, and examined it; but Davy had reloaded it, and so it bore no evidence of the shot that had been fired. "You didn't go hunting, after all?" Ar-

thur asked. "I hunted Hank," Davy growled, "andhe'd have got what he deserved if I'd shot

"No he wouldn't. He told me himself that his errand to Ogdensburg to day was to quash all proceedings against you."

Dayy had meant to confess to his brother what he had done, and beg him to assist him in avoiding detection; but this in-formation astounded him, and, in his muddled state, it seemed to debar him from re posing confidence in Arthur. The conver-sation ceased. The brothers remained seat-ed side by side, silent and absorbed in their thoughts. Arthur went to bed and to sleep Davy remained in his chair on the hearth his eyes wide open. At broad daylight he was sitting there still. He had thought of flight, and then had tried to calculate the evidene against him; but his conclusion was: "What's the use? Don't they always catch murderers? I know well enough I can never save my head from the noose. Better mak an end of it all at once, I will confess the whole thing and make an end of it." Early in the morning he heard a wagon stop in front of the house, and that was followed by several blows on the door. Arthur was still sleeping soundly, and he did not awaken. Davy went to the door.

"Is that you, David Mulford," said the caller.

"Yes," replied Davy. "Then I have a warrant to arrest you. You are summoned in regard to the Henry Davy heard the fatal name of Pierson, and

did not doubt that the officer had come for him on account of his last night's deed. His previous assault, and the proceedings following it, were for the moment forgotten. "Here I am," he said, "arrest me. It was I that did it." "What?" began the constable, who did

not understand the matter at all. "I tell you that it was I killed Hank Pierson. That's all—and you can take me along." The constable who arrested Davy Mul-

ford understood the matter less than before the prisoner's avowal that he had shot Henry Pierson. He had brought a warrant which set forth that Davy's bondsman surrendered him in the assault case, but it made no men-tion of his having committed any new of-fense, and its service should have involved Davy in no new trouble, for since its issue the grand jury had dismissed the case. At the word "kill," the sealous constable's face assumed the expression of a sportsman who, hoving fired at a little bird on a tree, sees a big one falling at his feet. "I don't know anything about your affair,"

he replied, "but you can come with me to 'Squire Thompson, and explain." Davy went along submissively with the constable, and Arthur knew nothing of his

sudden departure.

The Justice of the Peace began by declaring that the case of Pierson against Mulford would come up before the County Court at Ogdensburg in due time, and that, having filed the accusation, he himself had nothing more to do with it. But when the constable observed that Pierson did not now complain at all, but had been murdered, the 'Squire listened. Davy said laconically that he had killed Hank Pierson with one shot, the night before, and that they would find the dy on the scene of the crime at the place assumed what is called, in elevated lan-guage, "the mask of the law," an expresplaced the culprit between the two guards, took the head of the procession, and started on the road to the Pierson place,

Davy went along, as in a nightmare, over the road that he had traversed the night before in the footsteps of his victim. The constables in silence kept close watch upon him. By virtue of a single word this man, who recently had a right to their protection had in an instant become their prev: and he could read in their glances the immeasurable gulf, the infinite distance separating s future convict from an honest executor of

On reaching the premises, Davy saw the gate wide open, just as he had left it the night before. As he entered the walled field his eyes turned involuntarily to the left, toward a large tree. At the foot of the tree lay a form, half hidden by the oats. The knees of the assassin bent under him and he leaned against the wall, incapable of going further. The 'Squire alone made his way toward the object which he had already

perceived, and bent over it.

After a few seconds of examination, the magistrate rose, with both hands pressed against his sides in an attitude of abandonment, and best almost double by a wild burst of laughter, choking and hiccough-ing in a way that resounded cheerfully ough the still morning air. The con stables looked at each other in amazement, but the paralyzed Davy was spathetic. One constable quitted him enough to join the Justice, and likewise burst into a tremendons laugh. The second, feeling that the situation was relaxing, and that his duty was no longer serious, also abandoned the the prisoner, joined his comrade, and took the part of chorus. Davy let with his now bewildered brother saw in this strange scene only a new form of the nightmare weighing upon him. In his state of mind, nothing could be more diabolical than these thre men: 'Squire Thompson, with his shrill laugh, and the constables with their broad guffaws. Haggard and terror-striken Davy contemplated them, while his hair nearly rose on end, and the sweat poured down his face. Still, laughter being the most infectious of all human phenomena, the features of the assassin soon contracted into an epileptic grimace, a shrill crow issued from his throat, he laughed—yes, even he, while cold fear was freezing the very marrow in his bones; he felt himself going mad. "Come here, you idiot!" cried one of the

constables to him.

The sound of this voice recalled him to himself. He advanced trembling, and, by a supreme effort of will, looked down at his feet. Immediately an abrupt revolution took place in his feelings. He, too, began to laugh for joy, as men sometimes instinc-tively laugh when they have just escaped a great danger. His victim, prostrate under the tree was one of those scarce-crows which are set up in grain fields to keep off the sparrows. Henry Pierson, thrifty soul, had carefully dressed the effigy in his own superannuated garments. The staff which sup-ported this one was broken. While looking mechanically at this stick Davy had one more shudder, for the splinters of the wood showed clearly that the accident was due to a gunshot. This detail was sufficient proof that the adventure of the previous night was

not merely a bad dream.

He realized that Pierson must have rapidly gone to the house, while he himself had been climbing the wall, and delaying behind the imitation man. If the 'Squire had undertaken a closer inspection of the staff, he would have seen the trace of the shot upon it; but in his utter surprise, and in his conviction that he had been made the victim of a wrestied lock he still had been of purery

be said that people can fool with me as a Justice of the Peace. You shall hear from me again," and he went off with a lofty stride, and with visible efforts to regain that official gravity which his outburst of hilarity had compromised in the eyes of the

constables.

Those officials once more began to laugh, and to grow familiar with the late criminal. "How well he did it," said one, "any

one would have thought he'd murdered his father and mother." "He'd have taken in the Sheriff himself. To look at him ten minutes ago, I wouldn't have given 2 cents for his neck."

Davy laughed, too, but rather hysterically, and not because he had mightly increased his reputation as a practical joker. He was wild with joy because the tragedy had turned to farce—selfishly, on account of his sudden extrication from peril; but also because the awful crime had not been committed after all.

V. THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

When the holiday of national Thankshouse was set forth with Thanksgiving fare, the brothers Mulford sat along with the Bernans as guests of the Piersons, Yes. The mission had been a complete success, so far as appearances indicated; and when the Rev. John Bernan asked the divine blessing upon the repast, he spoke with heart-felt thanksgiving in his voice. He had brought the cousins together in amity. He could not fail to see that Davy was ill at ease, but he hoped to make him sociable before the meal was over, helped by the gentle winsomeness of Mrs. Pierson, Martha Pierson and Mary, all of whom had used their influence for a week to successfully convert Henry Pierson into the willing host of the

As to Arthur, he beamed on everybody, and talked in a jolly fashion, though his best attention was paid to Mary, who had a chair next to his. He was delighted when the talk turned upon the tourists who visited the Adirondacks, and Mr. Bernan disparaged the dandies-for was he not far removed from foppishness? And was he not, therefore, eligible to become a son-inlaw to this condemner of fops?

"If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt," said Mr. Bernan, "It is the soft-handed, soft-headed top who, perfumed until the air is account, who perfumed until the air is account, and spends his outing in taking killing attispends his outing in taking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieus, and tudes, and waving sentimental adieus, and finding the spends of the spend glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition, two-hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat, his conversation made up of ahs, and ohs, and he-hees. It would take 500 of them stewed down to make

a teaspoonful of calt's-foot jelly."

Now, Arthur felt himself free of all these characteristics, and accordingly construed the remark as just so much commendation "O, but men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. There are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the street in great stripes of color like animated checker-boards, and suggest to one that, after all, a convict in

prison dress may have got out of the penitentiary. Then there are multitudes of men who, not satisfied with the bodies the Lord gave them, are padded so their shoulders shall be square. carrying around a small cotton plantation. And I understand a great many of them now paint their eyebrows and their lips: and I have heard from good authority that there are multitudes of men in New Yorkmen-things have got to such an awful pass -multitudes of men wearing corsets!"

Again Arthur felt praised, inferentially

at least, and he at once resolved to ask for Mary's hand before the day was over. So he did, and successfully.

But there were important proceedings right there at the table. When the eating was over, and there seemed nothing more to

do but push back the chairs, Heary Pierson

cleared his throat with an "ahem!" and "I am very glad we are together at this dinner. I am glad to have you—Arthur and Davy—visiting in this house again. We can thank Mr. Bernan and Miss Mary for it. They've made peace between us. But there is something I ought to do, and I'm going to do it. The property that Uncle Job left me—it shouldn't have come to me. He ought to have divided it up. That's what I have made up my mind to do. O, I don't mean to give it all to you boys. I shall keep a third for Martha, and a third shall

go to you, Arthur, and a third to you, Davy. That is all I have to say."

That was astonishing to the whole com-pany, for Mr. Pierson had not breathed his purpose to a human soul.
"If I am to be a lawyer I ought to be able

to make a speech," said Arthur, "but— but—" and he stammered helplessly, "I thank you, Henry, anyhow. I will use the money to establish myself in my profession and some time I may be eloquent enough to thank you properly. You—Mr. Bernan— can't you say some something for me?"

The clergyman always needed a text for no matter how brief a bit of discourse, and he naturally found it in the will that had

caused the estrangement.
"There is one estate which, in all our cases," he said, "I hope we shall leave to our children—an estate not mentioned in last wills and testaments—a vast estate of prayer and example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of a family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was an unwritten will that read something like this: 'In the name of God, amen. thing like this: In the name of God, amen.
I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my
children all my prayers for their salvation;
I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion, which has been so much
comfort to me, and I hope may be
solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of Heaven. Witness, time, witness eternity. Signed, sealed and delivered, in this, our dying hour, Father and Mother. That will not be proved at the Surrogate's office, but kept in the alcoves of the heart." Davy Mulford had been silent since his cousin's announcement. Now all eyes in-voluntarily turned on him as a gasping sigh escaped from his lips. 'What do you want to say, Davy?" his

brother encouragingly saked.
"I want to say," he slowly replied, "that I can't take anything from Cousin Hank before I own up to what I meant to do to him. It was no joke when I shot the scarecrow. I thought I was firing at Hank

He made a full and abject confession, and begged forgiveness, which Pierson accorded, for the Thanksgiving spirit swept everything before it. There was a family reunion such as no such assemblage often equals for deep emotion, and it was no wonder that blacksheep Davy was humbly glad to be in the flock. to be in the flock.
"You have all heard the story of Paradise

and the Peri," said Mr. Bernan. "An angel went forth from heaven and searched all the earth to find some beautiful thing worthy of her, made a chance remark about the hat, which happened to be a very becoming one.

"All the millinery is better than it used to be," was Mr. Bernan's plunge into the subject thus suggested. "O, the dress, manners and cassons of society are improving. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has wastly improved. I know that there are people who long for in-good old times. They say, Just book at the ladies hate." Will you let us know all about this freak?" head with every two more into the head been made the victim of a practical joke, he did not dream of purus-ing. This is going to be a better world to live in. Take it all in all, it has wastly improved. I know that there are people when the stick on which he had been made the victim of a practical joke, he did not one of them was fit to lake to heaven. And then the angel went of the same which it was an action of wicks to heaven. And then the angel went of the same while it will not one of them was fit to lake to heaven. And then the angel went of the same while it will not one of them was fit to lake to heaven. And then the angel went of the same was to lake to heaven. And then the angel went of the same was to come the protiency one appreisate witness of the earth, yet found nothing worthy of elestial transportation. The angel went their bones, remarks a cotamporary, but the their bones, remarks a cotamporary, but the totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the staff, he totally undisciplined Davy lost his self-coor of the sta

'Behold the brightest jewel of heaven, the tear of a sinner's repentance!"'
This time the clergyman had found his text in the tears which he saw in Davy's eyes.

[THE END.] Copyrighted, 1889. All rights reserved.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE RICH. -0N-

BY A CLERGYMAN.

MORALS AND MANNERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) Many of our readers have, no doubt, read the book in which Mr. Bellamy describes the condition of Boston in A. D. 2000. It is remarkable, not because of any special originality, for its ideas should seem to have been borrowed from the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas Moore; nor for its literary style, in giving came, and the table in the Pierson | which it is every day surpassed by books that are still-born; but on account of its surprising popularity-over 100,000 copies having been already sold. Why? If not through its originality, and

if not on account of any special charm of treatment, then why has it found so many readers? Unquestionably because it deals with a throbbing issue, viz., the great labor question. Mr. Bellamy's remedy for existing evils is communism. He paints his Boston of the year 2000 (precious near at hand, by the by) in commu-nistic colors. But this is a remedy tried and disproved. The Shakers are communists, and they have 12 settlements in the State of New York and in New England. None of these have anticipated the millennium. They have assigned to men the useful occupation for which they were most competent, have pro-vided each member with a comfortable and as vided each member with a comfortable and as-sured living, some have become wealthy, but they have not stimulated invention, or pro-moted intellectual life, or produced a high type of manhood or womanhood, or erected grand public buildings. They have produced a con-ceited, self-sufficient company, sharp in bar-gains, lacking in active human sympathy, which has lived a stagnant or semi-stagnant intel-lectual and moral life. Mr. Bellamy will have to look further for a panacea.

Using Our Talents. It is an established law of the divine calling Thus in the parable the five talents became ten, and the two became four; while the one talent, the buried and untraded upon talent, was withdrawn from the excuseless ill-user. How about our talents? Are they wrapped up in napkins, shelved in the cupboard, hung up in the closet—never aired, or only brought out once a week, for Sunday? Is the talent out at large interest, and bringing 10 per cent for the glory of God and the help of men? Which? Better find out about this before the Lord comes to demand his one with usury.

How to Preach. As to how to preach, a busy city pastor offers the following homiletical suggestions.

1. Have something to say.

A Grand Church Event. The recent Roman Catholic celebration at Baltimore was brilliant as a pageant and important as an event. It emphasized the adrancement of 100 years—the expansion of the

acorn of 1789 into the stalwart oak of 1889-the evelopment of a few thousands into seven or eight millions. It also gave the Latin Church eight millions. It also gave the Latin Church an opportunity to pronounce itself upon some of the important questions of the hour, which it did conservatively but decidedly. It stands in the great centers of peopliation as a mighty bulwark of law and order. In the religious harness, some of the denominations are like the traces; this body is like the breeching. A complete harness includes both.

Living As We Sing. Listen this morning to a short sermon out of thurch on "Living As We Sing," by the Rev. Golden Rule: DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN-At the last prayer meeting which you and I attended we sung very lustily:

Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word. You remember it, do you not? And when the paster said that the meeting was in the hands of the brothren," and urged us all to take part, you and I sat there like graven images, simply because, as you expressed it so tersely, you didn't want to run the risk of making a fool of

didn't want to run the risk of making a fool of yourself before the others: in short, because we were afraid of a few Christian neighbors we allowed the meeting to drag, and, so far as we were concerned, our Lord went without a witness. And yet we had just exclaimed that "we must fight if we would reign." Why, we didn't dare even to open our lips, to say nothing of fighting. In that same meeting we also supports. sung: It may not be my way, It may not be Thy way: And yet in His own way The Lord will provide.

And then we went home and lay awake all night over that bad bill whereby we lost a hundred dollars, as though we should certainly come to the poor house in consequence.

Last Sunday morning just before the missionary sermon was preached, we sungright learthy.

Were the whole realm of nature mine That were a present far too small; Love so amaring, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. Then when the contribution was taken up we felt around in the bottom of our trousers pockets for a small piece of money, and each put into the box a 25-cent piece.

In an evening meeting we joined in singing:

In an evening meeting we joined in singing:

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear:
Pass through this life as best they may,
'The full of anxious care.

Then we went home and stormed like lunatics
at little Johnny for having broken a pane of
glass with his baseball, and at Mary for tearing
her dress in the apple tree.

Now the question is, which is true of us, what
we sing or what we do? It is all well enough to
sing these sentiments, but it is a great deal better to live them. As for the preacher, he is
quite ashamed of himself, and has resolved to
make his life more of a song by living more
nearly as he sings. nearly as he sings.

With reference to the relative value of high and low license as restrictive methods of dealing with the liquor traffic, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following figures:
Taking 79 leading cities in the United States
we find that the total population of those
which have adopted high license is 4,755,000,
while that of those which indulge in low
license is 4,857,000—a substantial equality of numbers. The total number of arrests is 216,-000 for the former, and 230,000 for the latter. The total number of arrests for drunkenness The total number of arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct is 121,877 for the former, and 122,179 for the latter. Omitting San Francisco, the remaining 37 low license cities have about double the number of saloous as the high license cities, but have 10,000 fewer arrests for drunkenness. The conclusion is obvious that high license does greatly reduce the number of saloous, but does not appreciably lessen the amount of drunkenness.

Sunday Sermonettes. Be a worker not a spurter. If you take hold, keep hold. The plodding student surely sur-passes the spasmodic genius, at school, in busi-ness, in the church, and will beat in the race to heaven. Pray for the grace of continuance. What do we mean when we pray "forgive us our debus as we forgive our debus?" Do we want God to take us literally? If He should how much would He forgive?

EVERY church needs three G's—grace, grit and greenbacks. God will supply the grace if we ask Him: the minister should supply the grit, and it is the part of the congregation to ply the greenbacks.

THE good that men do may be interred with their bones, remarks a cotemporary, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.

GOTHAM'S SNOBLETS.

Clara Belle Describes These Appendages of Society Known as the

Brave Woman Who Intends to Join an

Arctic Expedition.

NOVEL ADAPTATIONS OF THE CAMERA

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. 1

NEW YORK, November 23, 1889. York may ride gile rules
priety, if only the
driver on the box
be the family
coachman. It was
not so until very
lately. She might

drive. As that same girl has since eloped with a forbidden wooer, it seems that parental caution was of no avail. Presumably it was against invasion, and not escape, however, that usage demanded a chaperone for the McAllister maiden when out in a

carriage at night.

But we in New York are not apt to let customs stale, and so we have for the winter made it an unwritten law that the coachman may serve as a chaperon. He must be a genuine employe of the family, and not a man hired with the equipage from a public stable; he must be a sedate and middle-aged fellow in full livery; and he must impressively escort his charge betwixt surbstons and portal whenever she enters or quits the house of her visit. The innovation is sanctioned by several of "our best families," and is therefore bound to be generally accepted. Who knows but the next advance toward freedom of action for my sex may be permission to go to the theaters unattended, save to the entrance by the chaperoning

THE LITTLE SNOBLET.

Well, none of us girls wishes, I am sure, to embolden our conduct; yet a relaxation of really unreasonable restrictions would be welcome. Some of these are mere snobbishness, and we ought to despise snobs and their foolery. The snob is of either sex and all ages, but if you wish a specimen it is ax well to begin at the beginning and choose a little one. A carriage drives up to a Fifth avenue mansion at the time of a fine evening occasion, and the smallest of anobs alights. Behold him, as attired in flannels alights. Behold him, as attired in flannels he crawls lazily into the portals, too fatigued to go faster. A single glass in his half closed eye, the odor of brandy and soda perfumes the air. What is the purpose of this little snob? Why is he? What aim and end in existence does he serve? The question is answered in a minute or two. A great lady of the New Rich contingent aweeps down the staircase, her matchless riviere of diamonds flashing as she moves, Behind her, nearly submerged in the tulle waves of her spangled dress, comes the wee little snobble, staggering under the weight

old acquaintances, a few of whom would insist on cropping up. Certainly it was painful, but had to be done, and finally when Mrs. Dollarsandeents cut a friend from whom she had accepted a wedding present in the old days there could be no doubt whatever about it, she had taken her degree in snobbery and was past mistress in the black art of ingratifude. There is, however, no royal road to snobbery. Disagreeable tasks must be performed, and the path is strewn with thorns that leads to the temple inscribed. "I am better than thou." Thank goodness, the snobs are a small minority, and a lady is a lady, or a woman isn't a lady, according to her own conduct.

It was in the private parlor of a fashion-

her own conduct.

It was in the private parlor of a fashionable hotel. The mistress of the suite had just received a new bonnet from a milliner and the open box was on the table when several friends called, one of whom was an acknowledged admirer. The bonnet was espied at once; the lady not unwillingly yielded to the call to try it on; its perfect tast and becomingness were commented on till the owner's fair face flushed and sparkled with gratified vanity. Suddenly she summoned her maid, and, with a wicked smile, unsuited to beautiful lips, gave the astonishing order: "Lucille, go ask Mrs. X. if she will let me see, just for a moment, her last bonnet—with my compliments." last bonnet-with my compliments."
"You'll not get that bonnet," laughed one

of her friends.

"Oh, yes, I will. X. is immensely obligine, and we are prodigious friends."

The maid quickly returned and actually
brought a box with "Ze madam's compleemens." The borrowed bonnet was then exhibited with more wicked smiles, shrugs and grimaces, which eloquently expressed the ady's opinion of her dear friend's taste. The bonnet, in truth, was not a thing beauty, but one could see that it was beauty, but one could see that it was immensely expensive. When the vivacious lady, however, flushed with the praises of her own taste and beauty, placed the combination of velvet, feathers and lace over the fluffy head of her poodle and filled the suite with peals of mocking laughter, even her admirers forced the smile that responded to her ill-timed mirth. Happily, she had the grace to make the play a short one, but when Lucille was recalled to return the bonnet, with the meaningless thanks of her mistress, it was evident that there had been, beyond the portiere, one appreciative witness of the

setts girl of the finest grade, and the youthful couple had the penetration to recognize their kinship of mind and taste. For three blissful weeks she read and conversed with intelligent people on an equal footing. She almost forgot that she was a nurse, and that she spent two-thirds of her life as a servitor in the houses of the Four Hundred. Soon after her return to town her library was enriched by a dozen or more valuable books, sent with expressions of esteem and friendship by her new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were just setting out for a tour round the world as a supplement to their interrupted bridal trip. So one rich and beautiful young woman is down in the nurse's books as a type—of what we could wish were more often seen—the avowed lady.

Weenan is booming. Why it is only 50

could wish were more often seen—the avowed lady.

Woman is booming. Why, it is only 50 years since Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who calls herself the grandmother of the medical women, took her degree. What changes has she not seen in that half century? Now the people who object to lady doctors are few and far between; but 50 years ago they were a might with out breaking the fragile rules of propriety, if only the stocked.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN.

be the family coachman. It was not so until very lately. She might go out shopping or calling by daylight with no carriage companion, but after dark she was forbidden to make the shortest trip on wheels, no matter how safely inclosed, all alone by her own self. They used to tell it of a wary father of a frisky belle that, having to send her in a close carriage one evening to the house of a friend, he scaled the door shut, as though it had been an official envelope, to be broken only at the end of the drive. As that same girl has since cloped with a convenient to the family pursued, to give entarged efficiency to moral tendencies; the compound atructure of the human being, soul as well as the body, requiring the recognition of this fact in every department of the art of healing. The mention of Sorosis reminds me of information that the women of India seem to be advancing with leaps and bounds. A club for their use and benefit, has just been opened in Bombay, called "The Sorosis," and its president Ells Diets, of Sorosis, and I am permitted to tell that she pointed out how the intellectual training which women have to undergo to enable them to follow medicine as a profession, tends, if legitimately pursued, to give entarged efficiency to moral tendencies; the compound atructure of the human being, soul as well as the body, requiring the recognition of this fact in every department of the art of healing. The mention of Sorosis reminds me of information in the women of India seem to be advancing with leaps and beunds. A club for their use and benefit, has just been opened in Bombay, called "The Sorosis," and its president Ells Diets, of Sorosis, and I am permitted to tell that she pointed to tell objects. They are to train women to work in organized bodies; to encourage and both for its own sake and as a means of advancement; to promote the study of the lives and deeds of those in the past and present, who have aided in the elevation of

present, who have aided in the elevation of the sex to its present position in the world, and to establish a means of direct communication between the literary women of India, England and America.

I chanced to mention these things to Judge Daly, the emineut President of the New York Geographical Society.

"To the ever-increasing list of new employments for women," he said, "I suppose we shall soon have to add that of Acrtic exploration. It is announced that the intrepid Dr. Nausen will make another attempt, two years hence, to reach the North Pole, and that his wife has resolved to accompany him. Your sex nowadays seems so fully determined to recognize no sort of pursuit

mined to recognize no sort of pursu as the exclusive province of man, that I suppose I shall run the risk of being denounced as old-fashioned, if I venture to urge the obvious consideration that the urge the obvious consideration that the delicate organization of women must necessarily disqualify her for the endurance of such hardships and privations as are inscenarable from enterprises of this nature. Everyone, of course, will honor Mrs. Natisea for her remarkable courage, and I am perfectly willing to confess that I should be as proud as the most enthusiastic champion of country of sex if a woman were included as proud as the most enthusiastic champion of equality of sex if a woman were included in the first party that actually reached the North Pole. At the same time, I cannot help earnestly hoping that the action of the famous explorer's wife will not induce others of her sex to follow her courageous but harsh arrangle."

Rehind her, nearly submerged in the tulle waves of her spangled dress, comes the weal little mobble, staggering under the weight of a huge bouquet. It is as a boquet bearer, therefore, that the little parasite excels. Our society, keenly alive to the ridiculous, has designated the coteris of which this snoblet is a type, "The Little Brothers of the Rich."

See this estimable woman wildly walts in gif A few short years ago she passed her days between the nursery and a quiet drive with her husband. Her evenings were spent by the domestic hearth, or at an occasional concert, a rare play or a reception that formed an event in her monotonous existence. She made her children's clothes and fashioned her own bonnets. She liked her friends for what they wore, not what they possessed. And although she did not realize it.

All at once she found herself elevated to great weslth, and the dweller in a mansion in Fifth avenne. Mrs. Dollarsandeents graduated from the coffers of the jewelers into the rank of the Four Hundred. Surprised at finding herself there, uncertain how long she was going to stay, insecure in the secial anddle and yet determined to take every fence in her path, the realized that the first of the Four Hundred. Surprised at finding herself there, uncertain how long she was going to stay, insecure in the secial anddle and yet determined to take every fence in her path, the realized that the first of the Four Hundred. Surprised at finding herself there, uncertain how long she was going to stay, insecure in the secial anddle and yet determined to take every fence in her path, the realized that the first of the four the potential state of the find will when Mrs. Dollarsandeents guite the cold days. there is could be no doubt whatever about it, she had taken her degree in snobbery and was painful, but had to be done, and finally when Mrs. Dollarsandeents cut a friend from whom she had accepted a wedding present in the old days. there so could be no doubt whatever about it, she had taken her degree in snobbery and

Undoubtedly the inmantaneous camera

Undoubtedly the inmantaneous camera will show equally important adaptations to the needs of city life. For example, you are busy in your office. The boy announces that a strange lady wishes to speak to you.

"Is she young and charming?" you would like to tak, if the question did not put you after a fashion at the mercy of the lad, whose ideas of feminine beauty may not coincide with yours.

To obviate the difficulty you supply to him a small camera, with directions to sim it discreetly at all persons who take to see you. This is much more satisfactory than the old-fashioned peep-hole, with which, however, it may be combined if desired.

The photographic piano, which takes a pleture every five minutes of the guests surrounding if, will cause a furor in society this winter. In the supper room a photographic register, usually concealed at the base of an opergne, will permit the host to see if thirsty guests abuse their privileges. It is always a good idea for the mistress of the house to have some information on this subject. People of delebrity are always a prey to the amateur photographer; and in the hope of abridging their sufferings I project an ingenious apparatus which, while photographing the subject, writes at the loot of the card a flattering inscription. I should also mention the millinery camera, which takes the picture of every person to whom the wearer of a hat or bonnet bows. On going home it is sufficient to compare with one's album the proofs there obtained in order to recall the people whom one has met. This is very valuable to those who have many acquaintances and a short memory.

CLARA BELLM.

Just Like Oliver Twist.

The gratification of one desire creates a desau more. When a woman gets a pair of new gloves, she generally wants a dram, bon, net, shoes and coat to match.

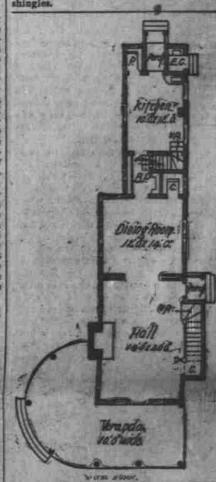
The fool who is wise in his own concett is ppy; but the tool who knows he is a fool

(WAITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) In midwinter the designer of dwellings and the proposing builder must consider plans for the heated term. There is more comfort, probably, in a cottage like the one illustrating this article than in any other Its doors and windows entice every way ward breeze that blows. Its wide vern provides for outdoor life, and its large hall, with fireplace, a cheer-ful place of retreat during a stream



of weather. Viewed "broadside on" this Below will be found a condensed descri

Materials for exterior walls: Founds stone: first story, clapboards; second eler-and gables, square butt shingles; roof shingles.

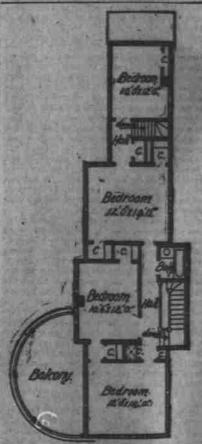


trim, white; roof shingles, ciled; versada floor and ceiling, ciled.

Interior finish: Rough brown plaster tinted, and yellow pins trim.

Accommodations: All the rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans given berewith. Beside these there is a cellar under the whole bouse, and storage room in the attre. All city-house conveniences are provided.

Special features: Style of exterior, colonial. 9 Open timber ceiling in hall and dining room. A more descriptive name for the hall would be living room. Every room may have the most thorough ventilation.



Cost, with "plank" frame, \$2,000; with alloon frame, \$2,000. "Plank" frame renires somewhat less material and labor; in ppearance it is quite equal to balloon rame. As usually built a small frame ouss will bear 20 times the weight that is stally required of it. Plank traming excitees some of this nanccessary strength.

In After Days.